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rality. Your forefathers, the founders of the Republic, imbued with a deep feeling of their rights and duties, did not deviate from those principles. The sound sense, the wisdom, the probity, the respect for public faith, with which the internal concerns of the nations were managed, made our institutions an object of general admiration. Here, for the first time, was the experiment attempted with any prospect of success, and on a large scale, of a Representative Democratic Republic. If it failed, the last hopes of the friends of mankind was lost or indefinitely postponed; and the eyes of the world were turned towards you. Whenever real or pretended apprehensions of the imminent danger of trusting the people at large with power, were expressed, the answer ever was, "Look at America."

In their external relations, the United States, before this unfortunate war, had, whilst sustaining their just rights, ever acted in strict conformity with the dictates of justice, and displayed the utmost moderation. They never had voluntarily injured any other nation. Every acquisition of territory from Foreign Powers was honestly made, the result of treaties, not imposed, but freely assented to by the other party. The preservation of peace was ever a primary object.

At present, all these principles would seem to have been abandoned. The most just, a purely defensive war, and no other is justifiable, is necessarily attended with a train of great and unavoidable evils. What shall we say of one, iniquitous in its origin, and provoked by ourselves, of a war of aggression, which is now publicly avowed to be one of intended conquest? If persisted in, its necessary consequences will be, a permanent increase of our military establishment and of executive patronage; its general tendency, to make man hate man, to awaken his worst passions, to accustom him to the taste of blood. It has already demoralized no inconsiderable portion of the nation.

Your mission was, to be a model for all other governments and for all other less favored nations, to adhere to the most elevated principles of political morality, to apply all your faculties to the gradual improvement of your own institutions and social state, and, by your example, to exert a moral influence most beneficial to mankind at large. Instead of this, an appeal has been made to your worst passions; to cupidity, to the thirst of unjust aggrandizement by brutal force; to the love of military fame and of false glory; and it has even been tried to pervert the noblest feelings of your nature. The attempt is made to make you abandon the lofty position which your fathers occupied, to substitute for it the political morality and heathen patriotism of the heroes and statesmen of antiquity.

STILL MORE ABOUT THE MEXICAN WAR.

A *Texan* paper, the *Austin Democrat*, tells the following story of *Texan* volunteers:—

"A young man, by the name of David Horsley, belonging to Capt. Chandler's company of Texas volunteers, was assassinated by the perfidious Mexicans a short time after the capitulation of Monterey. Horsley went to an orange grove in the evening, and remained all night; his failure to return in the morning excited fears for his safety, and his comrades went in search of him. In the orange grove they found blood—traced it, and finally discovered the body of the unfortunate youth in the San Juan, pierced by a wound from a lance, or some such instrument. The news

of this base and cowardly act spread like wild-fire among Hay's men. They determined to take ample vengeance. Woe to the Mexican falling in their way! Gen. Worth was made acquainted with what was going forward, and sent his aid to expostulate, and beg of the 'Texans to cease. Infuriated by the cowardly meanness of the murderers of their fellow-soldier, a remembrance of the many foul and bloody butcheries perpetrated upon them in former times by the same people — they spared not a man. The excitement was so high, that Gen. Taylor was induced to issue an order, commanding all disbanded troops to leave Monterey in forty-eight hours. It is thought that 80 or 100 Mexicans fell to avenge the death of Horsley. 'Terrible retribution!'

In view of such facts, well does a contemporary exclaim: — "What a fine infusion of manners, morals and habits, we are likely to get by the conquest of Mexico! And what a harmonious democracy will be composed of mingled Mexicans and Texans, with all their old grudges, with all their vengeance and thirst for blood."

"The Mexicans," says another writer from the spot, "still continue to pick up a straggling volunteer occasionally, and when they do, he is a used up man. A few evenings ago, as two of the Mississippians were going up to camp, they were attacked by a small party of 'greasers.' The first fire hit one of them on the chin, and he fell. His companion got into the chapparal, and the whole party pursued him, thinking the fallen one was done for. This saved both, as they missed the one untouched, and whilst pursuing him, the wounded one also got into the chapparal. They both subsequently reached camp, and barring the pricks of the thorns, are not much worse, as the ball glanced from the chin bone and did not enter. A Kentuckian, 1st regiment, was found with his throat cut yesterday morning, and his body thrown into a ditch."

GENERAL DEMORALIZATION. — A writer from the seat of war to the *Mobile Advertiser*, himself an advocate of the war, says: "Some scenes that we occasionally witness here, would shock the morals of any robber in the States. A few days ago, just at nightfall, a Mexican came running into the hospital, crying most piteously, and making all sorts of gesticulations. We followed him to his house, when a sight shocking to behold burst upon us. On the floor was lying a Mexican, pierced in the breast by a ball, from which the blood was rushing forth. Holding his head was his wife and little children. He had been shot by a discharged volunteer, because he refused, for gold, to barter away the virtue of his daughter, a beautiful girl, who stood by, her beautiful hair dishevelled, and great drops of grief coursing down her olive cheeks."

Mr. Warner, Esq., of the Topographical corps, writing from San Francisco, in California, to his brother in Rochester, N. Y., says: "I wish the United States would export a better sample of her citizens to this country than we have here now. It is lamentable to see so many people who call themselves Americans, without a trace of honesty or honor to control them. I don't wonder the Californians kick against them. If we are to retain this country, we ought to establish a despotism for a few years, until a few of the turbulent spirits can be hanged. The rest might take warning and behave themselves. Very few of them are fit to live in civilized society, and but few are fit even to live here. Those who came out in Stevenson's regiment, I hope will improve the race a little." Hoping, we should think, against hope; for that very regiment was reported to be such a drunken, unmanageable gang, scooped up from the gutters and brothels of New York, that they could hardly be got on board the vessel which transported them; and it was feared they would mutiny on the voyage, and all turn pirates.

Just glance at the vices and crimes of the regiment that went from

Massachusetts itself. The paper on the spot, referring to the murder of Capt. Mayo by one of those volunteers, says: "A more unprovoked murder was never committed. The assassin, armed with musket and bayonet, entered the store of the deceased, and demanded a glass of liquor. He was answered that no liquor was kept in the store. Raising his musket, he said it was false; that liquor was kept in the store, and that he would have it. The deceased stood before him, to oppose his entrance behind the counter, and the assassin plunged the bayonet into him."

"Maj. Abbott," says a writer from Matamoras to a Boston paper, "has been burnt in effigy, and one volunteer had been marched through the streets of Matamoras, encased in a whiskey cask, with the word 'drunkard' written thereon. Two cold-blooded murders have been committed by them. Several of the men have been publicly whipped."

A multitude of similar atrocities have been from time to time reported of this regiment; and to such a pitch did they carry their profligacy and outrages, as to become even at Matamoras an almost intolerable nuisance; and Gen. Cushing was at last obliged to disarm and confine some sixty of the regiment, before the spirit of insubordination could be quelled, and order restored. The seat of this war seems to have been all along teeming with rascalities of every sort; and finally a ship-load of what the papers called war scoundrels, no longer endurable in Mexico, were sent back by force to the United States! Truly war is a school of villany, — a nursery of the rankest vices, and the foulest crimes.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* says: "The scene of war now presented in Mexico, with its horrors of pestilence, of famine and of murder, is the most disgusting and soul-sickening spectacle that ever disgraced a page in human history. The late letters from Monterey show that the murder of non-combatants is the daily diversion of the American troops. Accounts from Vera Cruz, published in the *Era* of this morning, exhibit some striking facts as to the great mortality among the American troops. The *Vera Cruz Eagle*, and the letters from the army correspondents, cannot be expected to tell the worst of these tales of horror."

SPIRIT OF MEXICANS. — "Father Rey, so long and favorably known as a chaplain in the army, was recently killed by a party of lancers on the road between Camargo and Monterey. What ignorance, combined with fanaticism will do, may be judged by the butchering of this faithful old minister of peace. True to his divine calling, he forsook friends and home to make easy the couch of the dying soldier; he came with design of harm to neither Mexican or American, and was arrested in his divine vocation by those who choose the same mode of worshipping the Almighty. Strange infatuation."

BRUTALIZING INFLUENCE OF WAR. — "Persons recently arrived from Monterey, inform us," says one of our journals, "that in coming down they beheld strewn along the roadside, where had been massacred the teamsters who fell into the hands of Urrea's assassins in the attack on the wagon train, the decayed and mutilated remains of upwards of fifty of those unfortunate men. Where they fell, there still they are suffered to remain — their flesh made the food of the vultures and wolves, and their bones scattered about by these beasts and birds of prey. Train after train has passed them by with no more notice than a passing commentary upon their sad fate — none have stepped forth to give them burial."

A Specimen of our Military Governments in Mexico. — Says a writer from Santa Fe, "We have a military establishment wastefully extravagant to the government, but which has most signally failed of redeeming any of the promises made by General Kearney, in his proclamation. Instead of being the strong arm on which the civil authority can depend, to enforce

order and law, and administer justice to all, the soldiery have degenerated into a military mob, are the most open violaters of law and order, and daily heap insult and injury upon the people of the territory; and as matters now stand, the civil government is powerless to grant them redress. One half of the captains of companies do not know the number of their men, nor where they are to be found; and they themselves are to be seen nightly in fundangoes, and even less reputable places of dissipation. The soldiers are never drilled or mustered, and from the highest officer to the private soldier, all is insubordination, misrule and confusion. About one-fifth of the whole command have died from the effects of dissipation."

Military Justice. — "Quite an *interesting* scene," says an officer, writing from Buena Vista, Sept. 27, 1847, and quoted in the Watertown Journal, N. Y., "in the Inspector-General's office yesterday. About twenty Mexicans had been arrested for murdering one of the Arkansas cavalry. Not having sufficient evidence to convict *any* of them, Gen. Wool ordered eight men to be selected from the crowd, *two* of whom were to be *shot* unless they would name the murderer. Accordingly they made a sort of lottery, from which the Mexicans drew for their lives; and a curious spectacle it was to see the *poor fellows* come up and *cross* themselves before drawing. There are several in the provost guard for various offences, and I expect some fine morning we shall have a rare time of *hanging* or *shooting*."

Our own men seem at times to fare little better. "A fact," says a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune at Washington, "has come to my knowledge, of the most outrageous treatment of a free citizen of the United States, out on the coast of the California. An honest, frugal Irishman had served the United States for four years as a marine. He had saved about \$300 at the expiration of his enlistment, with which he wished to see and comfort his wife and family, from whom he had been long separated. He requested to be permitted to go on shore. In place of this, however, he was ordered into irons, and put in the 'brigg.' Still insisting on his right to go on shore, he was ordered to strip. He refused. He was forcibly stripped, and *ignominiously flogged*. He was flogged by order of Commodore Biddle, more than a fortnight after his term of enlistment had expired. They might just as well have flogged Gen. Cass, or Jefferson Davis; but they are *high-bred gentlemen*. This war is as detrimental to our liberties as to the nationality of Mexico."

MISCELLANEOUS.

PETITIONS FOR PEACE WITH MEXICO. — Petitions for this purpose have, we perceive, been continually presented in both Houses of Congress from the commencement of the session. They come from all parts of the country, except the extreme Southwest, that great moral sink and sewer of the nation; many from the West, and some even from the South, particularly North Carolina and Georgia. The largest one was signed by nine thousand Quakers, and another was from the Unitarians, pleading for peace expressly on *Christian* grounds, signed by nearly three thousand, measuring, when unrolled on the floor of the Senate, some thirty-six yards. We could wish that *all* denominations in the land had done the same; and, if they had in equal proportion, there would have been nearly *HALF A MILLION Christians* pleading *as Christians* for peace with Mexico. Would such a demonstration, entirely aloof from party politics, have been powerless?